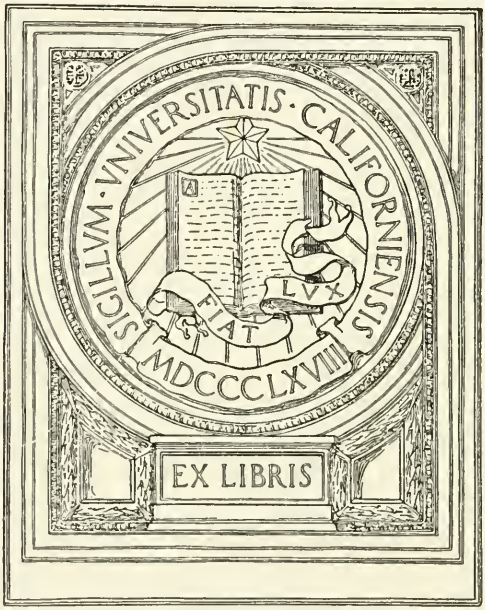
CHILD'S
CALENDAR
BEAUTIFUL

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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CHILD'S CALENDAR BEAUTIFUL

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CALENDAR BEAUTIFUL

Arranged by
R. KATHARINE BEESON

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To
The Children
whose welcome of the first edition
made the compilation seem
a labor worth while

369271

California State

Oyez, oyez! Lost, stolen or strayed, a good ancient practice—the good ancient practice of learning by heart. Every finder will be handsomely rewarded.

—*Vernon Lushington.*

WHEREFORE

It is better to inspire the heart with a noble sentiment than to teach the mind a truth of science.

—*Edward Brooks.*

In the course of our reading we should lay up in our minds a store of goodly thoughts in well-wrought words, which shall be a living treasure of knowledge always with us, and from which, at various times, and amidst all the shifting of circumstances, we might be sure of drawing some comfort, guidance, and sympathy.

—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

School-taught English usually errs in the direction of pedantry; it lacks life and virility. The corrective is to be found by bringing the child early and late into contact with literature that has character and distinction. Teach him to love this, to return to it often, and his own spoken and written English will be worthy.

—*Nicholas Murray Butler.*

Our teachers of English are called upon to use our unsurpassed English literature, as it has never been used before, toward the formation of character, the enrichment of life and the refinement of manners.

—*Percival Chubb.*

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.

Poetry is one of the most efficient means of education of the moral sentiment as well as of the intelligence. It is the source of the best culture. Let a man truly possess himself of any one of the works of the great poets, and no matter whatever else he may fail to know, he is not without education. * * * *

To learn by heart the best poems is one of the best parts of the school education of the child.

—*Charles Eliot Norton.*

"The acquisition of good poetry," said Matthew Arnold, that practical thinker, "is a discipline in the whole range of our public schools. More than any other, too, it works of itself." It works of itself! I believe that if, for one half hour a day, a teacher were to read good poetry aloud with his pupils, not fretting them with comments, not harrying them with too frequent questions, but doing his best by voice and manner to hold their attention, and encourage them to read in their turn, pausing only at some salient beauty, or some unusual difficulty, above all giving the poetry time to *sink in*—I believe thoroughly he would find himself rewarded beyond all his calculations. For a child's mind is a wonderful worker if we only trust it. A child's imagination is as susceptible of improvement by exercise as his judgment or memory. Can we not so persuade our schoolmasters that our children may hear this music more clearly and more constantly than we?—*A. T. Quiller-Couch in Pall Mall Gazette.*

Whatever the child feels in his heart, whatever lives in his soul, whatever he cannot express in his own words, he would fain have others express for him.

—*Froebel.*

A man lives in the last half of life on the memory of things read in the first half of life.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

Blessings be with them and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.

—*Wordsworth.*

COME, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

* *

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs have gushed from the heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

* *

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*Longfellow.*

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

THIS collection of poems and prose selections to be memorized by children, was arranged for use in the Lafayette schools, as a part of the regular courses in English and ethics. It had its beginning in the oft repeated request of the children to "read again" certain favorite selections. The list, short at first, read again and again, and finally learned by heart, included a few poems whose richness of imagery and brilliancy of word-coloring afforded the children a satisfactory expression for their own enjoyment of the beauty of the outdoor world about them. It was easy to extend it to include others whose recognized literary merit made an acquaintance with them desirable; still others whose strong human interest both stimulated and offered a means of expression for feelings which might grow into high ideals of what man's relations to his neighbor ought to be; and others still, whose appeal is almost wholly to the moral nature.

No one collection could possibly contain everyone's favorite. Space limitations make it necessary to exclude much that one feels should be included. It is hoped, however, that there is sufficient material and variety to permit some liberty of choice to teachers and to the children themselves. It has been the rule to offer nothing

that was not in itself good, and then to hold to that which the children liked.

In distributing the selections through the different months of the year, the Psalms of King David naturally took their place in November, the Thanksgiving month; the patriotic and heroic poems and hymns fell into our Country's anniversary months—February, the birth-month of so many of our great men; May, the Memorial month; and July the birth-month of the Nation. The nature poems, of course, belong of right to the months whose beauties they celebrate. Other poems are placed where room for them could best be found and should be so used as to serve the convenience of those using them, regardless of their place in the course.

The beginning of the first conscious great epoch in a child's life is marked by his "first day" at school. His year then, begins with September, rathen than January, and so this Calendar of poem and prose begins with the month of the golden-rod and aster, rather than with New Year's Day.

It is my privilege to express my debt to President Roosevelt for permission to include extracts from his Inaugural Address;

To Edward Everett Hale for a selection from "The Man Without a Country;"

To James Whitcomb Riley; to Henry Van Dyke; to Thomas Bailey Aldrich; to Edwin

Markham; to Margaret E. Sangster; to Evaleen Stein; to "Susan Coolidge;" to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and to Mary H. Krout, for generous permission to use various selections from their published works.

My thanks are also due to The Bobbs-Merrill Co., for kind permission to use Riley's poems; to the Century Co., for copyrighted material belonging to them; to Charles Scribner's Sons for poems by Eugene Field and J. G. Holland; to Harper & Brothers for poems by Henry Van-Dyke; to D. Appleton & Co., for selections from Bryant's works; to Little, Brown & Co., for selections from the works of Edward Everett Hale, Helen Hunt Jackson and Susan Coolidge; to Small, Maynard & Co., for Walt Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain"; to McClure, Phillips & Co., for Edwin Markham's "Lincoln," from "Lincoln and Other Poems;" to A. C. McClurg & Co., for "Rainbow Fairies," from "Child's Garden of Song;" to The Educational Publishing Co., for various selections which have appeared in Primary Education; to The Outlook Co., for the verses, "Agreed to Disagree."

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Centennial School, June, 1905.

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BETWEEN WHILES.

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FIRST YEAR

Be to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you.
Golden Rule

SEPTEMBER

GOLDEN-ROD

TELL me, sunny golden-rod,
Growing everywhere,
Did Fairies come from Fairyland
And make the dress you wear?

Say, did you get from mines of gold
Your bright and shining hue?
Or did the baby stars some night
Fall down and cover you?

Or did the angels flap their wings
And drop their glitter down
Upon you, laughing golden-rod,
Your nodding head to crown?

Or are you clothed in sunshine caught
From summer's brightest day,
To give again in happy smiles
To all who pass your way?

—From Our Little Ones.

THE BYE-LOW SONG

SAY, birdies, when your bed-time comes,
And underneath your mother's wing
You're tucked away so carefully,
Does Mamma Birdie to you sing
The Bye-Low Song?

Say, little lamb, with curly hair,
That in the field is gamboling
The whole day through, when bed-time comes,
Does Mamma Sheep then to you sing
The Bye-Low Song?

I know that when my bed-time comes,
And I am tired of everything,
I cannot go to sleep unless
I hear my Mamma softly sing
The Bye-Low Song.

NONSENSE ALPHABET

A was an ant
Who seldom stood still,
And who made a nice house
In the side of a hill.
Nice little ant!

B was a bat,
Who slept all the day;
And fluttered about
When the sun went away.
Brown little bat!

—*Edward Lear.*

ALPHABETIC GEMS

AS little by little the oak trees grow,
So little by little I'll try to know;
One of these days perhaps we'll see
The world will be the better for me.

BE kind and be gentle
To those who are old,
For dearer is kindness
And better than gold.

OCTOBER

COME LITTLE LEAVES

"COME, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
Summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the glad little songs they knew.

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went,
Winter had called them and they were content;
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds
The snow laid a white blanket over their heads.

—*George Cooper.*

THE SWING

HOW do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NONSENSE ALPHABET

C was a camel,
You rode on his hump;
And if you fell off,
You came down such a bump!
What a high camel!

D was a duck
With spots on his back,
Who lived in the water,
And always said "Quack!"
Dear little duck!

ALPHABETIC GEMS

Cherish what is good and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far,
For as sure as you're alive
You will show for what you are.
—*Phoebe Cary.*

Do not look for wrong and evil
You will find them if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor
He will measure back to you.
—*Alice Cary.*

NOVEMBER

PSALM XXIII

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

—*The Bible.*

THE EMPTY NEST*

FLY away little bird! Southern skies are aglow,
And our winter is coming in silence and snow;
Take the songs that you taught me on summer days fleet,
Take the music you brought, so tender, so sweet,
But leave me this wee nest, so lonely and gray!
Fly away! Fly away! Fly away!

Fly away little bird, with the bonny red breast!
I remember one day well—we love it the best,—
I found in their cradle, so dreamy and deep,
Blue eggs,—bits of music were in them asleep,—
Don't forget this wee nest so empty today!
Fly away, little bird, fly away!

Fly away, little bird! through the snow and the storm!
I shall know you are singing in groves glad and warm;
Next spring, will you bring to me dreams of it all
As sweetly you sing to me from your tree tall?
You'll find your nest waiting that morning in May,
Fly away! Fly away! Fly away!

—*Alice E. Allen.*

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NONSENSE ALPHABET

E was an elephant,
Stately and wise;
He had tusks and a trunk,
And two queer little eyes.
Oh, what funny small eyes!

F was a fish
Who was caught in a net;
But he got out again,
And is quite alive yet.
Lively young fish!

ALPHABETIC GEMS

Every gentle word you say
One dark spirit drives away;
Every gentle deed you do
One bright spirit brings to you.
—*Virginia Harrison.*

For what you find in these sweet days
Depends on how you go about it.
A glad heart helps poor eyes to see,
What brightest eyes can't see without it. —*Henrietta Eliot.*

DECEMBER

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES

MERRILY, merrily, merrily oh!
The reindeer prance across the snow;
We hear their tinkling silver bells,
Whose merry music softly tells
Old Santa Claus is coming.

Merrily, merrily, merrily oh!
The evergreens in the woodland grow;
They rustle gently in the breeze;
O, don't you think the Christmas trees
Know Santa Claus is coming?

Merrily, merrily, merrily oh!
We've hung our stockings in a row,
Into our beds we'll softly creep,
Just shut our eyes and go to sleep
And wait—for Santa Claus is coming.

THE LITTLE SNOW FLAKE

IT was a little snowflake
With tiny winglets furled;
Its warm cloud mother held it fast
Above the sleeping world.
All night the wild wind blustered,
And blew o'er land and sea;
But the little snowflake cuddled close,
As safe as safe could be.

Then came the cold gray morning,
And the great cloud mother said,
"Now every little snowflake
Must proudly lift its head,
And through the air go sailing
Till it finds a place to light,
For I must weave a coverlet
To clothe the earth in white."

The little snowflake fluttered,
And gave a wee, wee sigh;
But fifty million other flakes
Came floating softly by;
And the wise cloud mothers sent them
To keep the world's bread warm,
Through many a winter sunset,
Through many a winter storm.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

NONSENSE ALPHABET

G was a goat
Who was spotted and brown;
When he did not lie still
He walked up and down.
Good little goat!

H was a hat
Which was all on one side;
Its crown was too high,
And its brim was too wide.
Oh, what a hat!

ALPHABETIC GEMS

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids dropping down,
Like a violet from the light;
Badness, in a sneer or frown.
—*Phoebe Cary.*

Hearts like doors will ope with ease
To very, very little keys,
And don't forget that two are these:
"I thank you" and "If you please."

JANUARY

THE NEW YEAR

O I am the little New Year, ho! ho!
Here I come tripping it over the snow
Shaking my bells with a merry din.
So open your doors and let me in.

THE FAIRY ARTIST

Oh, there is a little artist
Who paints in the cold night hours,
Pictures for little children,
Of wondrous trees and flowers!

Pictures of rushing rivers
By fairy bridges spanned;
Bits of beautiful landscape
Copied from elfin land.

The moon is the lamp he paints by,
His canvas, the window pane,
His brush is a frozen snowflake,
Jack Frost is the artist's name.

NONSENSE ALPHABET

I was some ice
So white and so nice,
But which nobody tasted;
And so it was wasted.
All that good ice!

J was a jug,
So pretty and white,
With fresh water in it
At morning and night.
Nice little jug.

ALPHABETIC GEMS

I know a child and who she is
I'll tell you by and by;
When mother says, "Do this, or that,"
She says "What for?" or "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far,
If she would say, "I'll try."

—*Unknown.*

Just for today!
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say,
Put thou thy seal upon my lips
Just for today!

—*Canon Farrar.*

FEBRUARY

AMERICA

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

THE HEART OF A SEED

IN the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant lay fast asleep.
"Awake," said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."

"Awake," said the voice
Of the raindrop bright.
The little plant heard
And rose to see
What this beautiful outside world
might be.

NONSENSE ALPHABET

K was a kite
Which flew out of sight,
Above houses so high,
Quite into the sky.
Fly away, kite!

L was a lily,
So white and so sweet!
To see it and smell it
Was quite a nice treat.
Beautiful lily.

ALPHABETIC GEMS

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Little children, you should seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes

MARCH

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

O you, that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind a blowing all day long,
O wind that sings so loud a song!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

PUSSY WILLOW SONG

LITTLE Pussy Willow,
Budding on the tree,
When we see your fuzzy coat,
Blithe and gay are we;
For we know that Spring has come,
When you first appear;
Know that soon the bluebird's call
Joyfully we'll hear.

NONSENSE ALPHABET

M was a man,
Who walked round and round;
And he wore a long coat
That came down to the ground.
Funny old man!

N was a net
Which was thrown in the sea
To catch fish for dinner
For you and for me.
Nice little net!

ALPHABETIC GEMS

Make a little sunshine dear,
'Tis surely worth your while;
Make a little sunshine here,
'Twill only cost a smile.

No matter what you try to do,
At home or at your school,
Always do your very best,
There is no better rule.

APRIL

GOOD morning, sweet April, so winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip and a tear in your eye,
There are pretty hepaticas hid in your hair,
And bonny blue violets clustering there.

The spring-beauties wake for the girls and the boys,
And the earth grows green without bustle or noise.
From tiny brown beds now wrapped fold upon fold,
The loveliest garlands will soon be unrolled.

Ah, welcome! sweet April, whose feet from the hills
Have walked down the valleys and crossed o'er the rills;
The pearls that you bring us are dews and warm showers,
And the hem of your garment is broidered with flowers.

MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't any notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way;
He stays up close beside me, he's a coward you can see,
I'd be ashamed to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

NONSENSE ALPHABET

O was an orange
So yellow and round;
When it fell off the tree,
It fell down to the ground.
Down to the ground!

P was a polly,
All red, blue, and green,—
The most beautiful polly
That ever was seen.
Poor little polly!

ALPHABETIC GEMS

One child sees sunlit air and sky,
And bursting leaf-buds round and ruddy
Another looks down at the earth
And only sees that it is muddy.

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

MAY

LITTLE PEACH BLOSSOM

LITTLE Peach Blossom has waked at last,
What do you think awoke her?
Not the birds that sang and twittered all day,
And talked of their nests and the eggs they would lay;
Not the wind as it rocked the cradle so fast,
And told her that winter had long ago passed;
Not the sun as he wrapped her in an embrace,
And showered sweet kisses upon her fair face;
Nor the moon nor the stars though they glistened so bright,
And tried to persuade her to work in the night—
But a warm April shower fell on her one day
With a quick dash of rain, and this is the way
That little Peach Blossom first opened her eyes
With a faint little blush and a look of surprise.

FIRST YEAR MAY

ROBIN'S SECRET

WE have a secret, just we three,
The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
Because he built the—I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings—in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out.

NONSENSE ALPHABET

Q was a quail
With a very short tail;
And he fed upon corn
In the evening and morn.
Quaint little quail!

R was a rabbit,
Who had a bad habit
Of eating the flowers
In garden and bowers.
Naughty fat rabbit!

ALPHABETIC GEMS

Quit all the little faults
Then the big ones cannot grow;
Shun the wrong and do the right,
Make your life as pure as snow.

—*Unknown.*

Remember the old proverb says
That "pretty is which pretty does;"
That true worth neither goes nor stays
For poverty or splendor.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

JUNE

SEVEN TIMES ONE

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.
I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better,
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah bright! but your light is failing,
You're nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo pint, toll me your purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it
I will not steal them away;
I am old; you may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one today.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

NONSENSE ALPHABET

S was the sugar-tongs,
Nippity-nee,
To take up the sugar
To put in our tea.
Nippity-nee!

T was a tortoise,
All yellow and black;
He walked slowly away,
And he never came back.
Torty never came back.

ALPHABETIC GEMS

Speak the truth! 'Tis beautiful and brave;
Strong to bless and strong to save;
Falsehood is a coward knave;
Speak the truth.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by.
Some little good; not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

—*Alice Cary.*

JULY

THE RAINBOW FAIRIES

TWO little clouds one summer day
Went flying through the sky.
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.
Old Father Sun looked out and said,
"O, never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
To dry your falling tears."

One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo,
In blue, green, orange, red,—
They made a pretty row.
They wiped the cloud tears all away,
And then from out the sky
Upon a line the sunbeam made
They hung their gowns to dry.

—*Lizzie M. Hadley.*

DEWDROPS

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said
"A jewel, if you please!"

But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

NONSENSE ALPHABET

U was an urn
All polished and bright
And full of hot water
At noon and at night.
Useful old urn!

V was a veil
With a border upon it,
And a ribbon to tie it
All round a pink bonnet.
Pretty green veil!

ALPHABETIC GEMS

Unless you do the best you can
And do it every day,
No need to wish and hope and plan,
Your time is thrown away.

Very little foxes
Spoil the vines, you know;
Very little ugly traits
Into big ones grow.

AUGUST

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD*

WYNKEN, Blynken and Nod, one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed off on a river of misty light,
Into a sea of dew;
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three:
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea;
"Now cast your net wherever you wish.
Never afeard are we,"
So cried the stars to the fisherman three,
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

*From The Eugene Field Reader. Permission from Charles Scribner's Sons.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,—
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE THREE-INCH GRIN

SISTER measured my grin one day,
Took the ruler and me,
Measured the inches all the way,
One, two, three.

"Oh! You're a chesshire cat," said she;
Father said, "That's no sin,"
Then he nodded and smiled at me,
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I'd better begin
Trying to trim it down;
But mother said, "Better a three-inch grin,
Than a little half-inch frown."

NONSENSE ALPHABET

W was a watch,
Where, in letters of gold,
The hour of the day
You might always behold.
Beautiful watch

Y was a yew
Which flourished and grew
By a quiet abode
Near the side of a road;
Dark little yew.

Z was a zebra
All striped white and black;
And if he were tame
You might ride on his back;
Pretty, striped zebra!

ALPHABETIC GEMS

When you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves,
Do it fully, freely.

—*Alice Cary.*

Yet when you come to think of it
The day is what you make it;
And whether good or whether bad
Depends on how you take it.

SECOND YEAR

DO not look for wrong and evil,—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage to the glass
You will meet a smile.

—*Alice Cary.*

SEPTEMBER

THE CHILD'S WORLD

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go
With the wheatfields that nod, and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers, today,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:
"You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot."

—*W. B. Rands.*

FLOWER LULLABY

ALL of the flowers are going to bed,
Daisies are nodding their pretty white heads,
Clovers have softly just whispered "Good night,"
Soon Mother Nature will tuck them up tight.

"Lullaby, lullaby," now the winds sigh,
"Mother will watch you while winter is nigh;"
Over them softly she spreads a white sheet,
"Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, babies, sleep."

Softly, so softly, she's calling them all;
"Hasten, oh, bluebells, or night shades will fall;
Buttercups, buttercups, come to your rest,
Little forget-me-not is all undressed.

"Maples are taking off dresses of green,
And in bright dressing-gowns now can be seen;
Oak trees are going more slowly to bed,
With pretty night-caps of dark brown and red."

—*Addie Litchfield.*

GOOD-BYE TO SUMMER

THE brown birds are flying like leaves
Through the sky,
The flow'rets are calling, "Dear birdlings good-bye!"
The bird voices falling so soft from the sky,
Are answering the flow'rets, "Dear playmates, good-bye!"

—*Kate S. Kellogg.*

OCTOBER

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.*

I'LL tell you how the leaves came down:
The great Tree to his children said,
You're getting sleepy, Yellow, and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red,
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief,
'Tis such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day,
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among;

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And, ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled;
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,
"It is *so* nice to go to bed."

—*Susan Coolidge.*

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THE CHESTNUT

A WEE little nut lay deep in its nest
Of satin and down, the softest and best,
And slept and grew, while its cradle rocked,
As it hung in the boughs that interlocked.

Now the house was small where the cradle lay,
As it swung in the winds by night and day;
And a thicket of under-brush fenced it round,
This little lone cot, by the great sun browned.

The little nut grew, and ere long it found
There was work outside, on the soft green mound;
It must do its part so the world might know
It had tried one little seed to grow.

And soon the house that had kept it warm
Was tossed about by the autumn storm;
The stem was cracked, the old house fell,
And the chestnut burr was an empty shell.

But the little seed, as it waiting lay,
Dreamed a wonderful dream from day to day,—
Of how it should break its coat of brown,
And live as a Tree to grow up and down.

THE STAR

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtain peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

And your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark;
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—*Jane Taylor.*

NOVEMBER

PSALM XXIV

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein:

2. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3. Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6. This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8. Who is this King of glory? The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

—*The Bible.*

WE THANK THEE

FOR peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest,
For joy in the land from the east to the west,
For the dear starry flag, with its red, white and blue,
We thank thee from hearts that are honest and true.

For waking and sleeping, for blessings to be,
We children would offer our praises to thee!
For God is our Father and bends from above
To keep the round world in the smile of His love.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY

ARE you cross and disgusted, my dear little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment if anything can:
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you very tired with play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—
Do something for somebody—quick!
Do something for somebody—quick!

Though it rain like the rain of the floods, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody—quick!
Do something for somebody—quick!

Though the skies are like brass overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And are all your affairs in a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody—quick!
Do something for somebody—quick!

DECEMBER

THE TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS

TWO little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fire-place broad and wide.
"Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game.
"Ho! ho!" said he with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one;
I know who dwells in this house my dear;
There's only one little girl lives here."
So he crept up close to the chimney place,
And measured a sock with a sober face.
Just then a wee little note fell out,
And fluttered low, like a bird about;
"Aha! what's this?" said he in surprise,
As he pushed his specks up close to his eyes,
And read the address, in a child's rough plan,
"Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall.
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought perhaps you kindly would
Fill up her stocking too, tonight,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's; I shall not care."
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
"God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh.
Then softly he blew through the chimney high,
A note like a bird's when it soars on high.
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side earth's portals.

"Hurry up!" said Saint Nick, and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare."
Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa laughed, as he gathered them in
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin!
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
"She'll think it came from the sky I guess,"
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,
And tying the hood to the stockings, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away through the frosty air,
Saying, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild!"
The wind caught the words and bore them on high,
Till they died away in the midnight sky,
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and good-will with him everywhere."

—*Sarah Keables Hunt.*

WHAT MAKES CHRISTMAS

LITTLE wishes on white wings,
Little gifts—such tiny things—
Just one little heart that sings,
Make a Merry Christmas.

—*Dorothy Howe.*

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER

THERE'S a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom.

Oh, with finest of laces,
He decks bush and tree;
On the bare flinty meadows
A cover lays he.
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump,
To a grim silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the task that is done,
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun."

—*George Cooper.*

JANUARY

NEW YEAR'S GREETING

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!" Like a bell,
Peals the happy joyous call,
"Happy New Year!" Louder yet!
"Happy New Year!" One and all.

JANUARY

SPARKLING world and shining sky,
Sleigh-bells jingling, jangling by,
Skates that gleam and sleds that fly,
Make up January.

Snowy world and low hung cloud,
Snowflakes whirling in a crowd,
Winds a-whistling long and loud,
Make up January.

Snow and shine and shine and snow,
Days that swiftly come and go,
Thirty-one of them, you know,
Make up January.

THE REASON WHY.

TWO ears and only one mouth have you;
The reason, I think, is clear:
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To talk about all you hear.

Two eyes and only one mouth have you
The reason for this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To talk about all you see.

Two hands and only one mouth have you
And it is worth while repeating
That two are for the work you will have to do—
The one is enough for eating.

FEBRUARY

OUR FLAG

THERE are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White and Blue.
I know where the prettiest colors are,
I'm sure if I only knew
How to get them here, I could make a flag
Of glorious Red, White and Blue.

I would cut a piece from the evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of Blue.
Then I want a piece of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright,
And I'd put them together, side by side,
For my stripes of Red and White.

Then "Hurrah for the Flag!" our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White and Blue.

THE SHORTEST MONTH

WILL the winter never be over,
Will the dark days never go?
Must the buttercup and the clover
Be always hid under the snow?

Ah, lend me your little ear, love!
Hark! 'tis a beautiful thing;
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest and nearest to spring.

—*Adeline Whitney.*

JUST YOU AND I

IF you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and lighter hearted,
Perhaps in some near by and by,
A good time might get started;
Then what a happy time 'twould be,
For you and me, for you and me.

MARCH

GALLOPING, galloping, galloping in,
Into the world with a stir and a din.
The north wind, the east wind, the west wind together
In-bringing, in-bringing the March's wild weather.

—*C. F. Woolson.*

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

WHO has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

PUSSY WILLOWS

IN her dress of silver gray
Comes the Pussy Willow gay,
Like a little Eskimo
Clad in fur from tip to toe.
Underneath her in the river,
Flows the water with a shiver.
Downward, sweeping from the hill,
North Wind whistles, loud and shrill.

Birds are loth to wing their flight
To a land in such a plight,
Not another flower is found
Peeping from the bark or ground.
Only Mother Willow knows
How to make such suits as those;
How to fashion them with skill,
How to guard against the chill.

Did she live once, long ago,
In the land of ice and snow?
Was it first by Polar seas
That she made such coats as these?
Who can tell?—We only know
Where our Pussy Willows grow.
Fuzzy little friends that bring
Promise of the coming spring.

—Elizabeth E. Foulke.

APRIL

AN APRIL DAY

TAKE a dozen little clouds
And a little patch of blue;
Take a million raindrops
As many sunbeams too.

Take a host of violets,
A wandering little breeze,
And myriads of little leaves
Dancing on the trees.

Then mix them well together,
In the very quickest way,
Showers and sunshine, birds and flowers,
And you'll have an April day.

—*Rachel G. Smith.*

THE SWEET RED ROSE

GOOD morning, little rose-bush,
Now prithee, tell me true,
To be as sweet as a red, red rose,
What must a body do?

To be as sweet as a red, red rose,
A little girl like you
Just grows, and grows, and grows,
And that's what she must do.

—*Joel Stacy.*

WHAT ROBIN TOLD

HOW do robins build their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me.
First a wisp of yellow hay
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers too, and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way and across;
That's what Robin told me.
Where do Robins hide their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep,
Long before the winds are cold
Long before the leaves are gold
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby robins—one, two, three;
That's what Robin told me.

—George Cooper.

MAY

O a dear little maiden is dainty Miss May,
And she has such a pleasant and sweet winning way,
That we long to be out and be with her all day.

She comes over the meadows and into the town
All embroidered with lilacs her beautiful gown,
And her bonnet of buttercups way to the crown.

When she smiles all the clouds disappear from the skies,
For there's seldom a tear to be seen in those eyes,
Whose color to match the forget-me-not tries.

And to show how they love her, their own darling May,
'Tis with blushes as pink as the dawn of the day,
That each apple tree turns to a blooming bouquet.

—*Ada Stewart Sheldon.*

SPRING

THE alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And oh how sweet they sing,
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming
And scarlet columbine
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
Oh, happy little children,
God made them all for you.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

THE LILAC

THE sun shone warm, and the lilac said,
"I must hurry and get my table spread,
For if I am slow and dinner late,
My friends the bees will have to wait."

So delicate lavender glass she brought
And the daintiest china ever wrought,
Purple tinted and all complete;
And she filled each cup with honey sweet.

"Dinner is ready," the spring wind cried;
And from hive and hiding far and wide,
While the lilac laughed to see them come,
The little gray-jacketed bees came hum—m!

They sipped the sirup from every cell,
They nibbled at taffy and caramel;
Then, without being asked, they all buzzed, "We
Will be very happy to stay to tea."

—*Clara Doty Bates.*

JUNE

THE BLUEBELL

THERE is a story I have heard,
A poet learned it from a bird,
And kept its music every word.

About two thousand years ago
A little flower as white as snow
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day, with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And swiftly o'er its petals white,
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies upon a summer night.

And in the chalice I am told
The bonny bell was found to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

THE SILVER BOAT

THERE is a boat upon a sea;
It never stops for you or me.
The sea is blue, the boat is white;
It sails through winter and summer night.

The swarthy child in India land
Points to the prow with eager hand;
The little Lapland babies cry
For the silver boat a-sailing by.

It fears no gale, it fears no wreck;
It never meets a change or check,
Through weather fine or weather mild,
The oldest saw it when a child.

Upon another sea below
Full many vessels come and go;
Upon the swaying, swinging tide
Into the distant worlds they ride.

And strange to tell, the sea below,
Where countless vessels come and go,
Obeys the little boat on high
Through all the centuries sailing by.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

THE VIOLET

DOWN in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair!
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

—*Jane Taylor.*

JULY

THE HUMMING-BIRD

O DAINTY, "living sunbeam"
With gorgeous colors bright,
Show me your ruby necklace,
And gauzy wings so light;
Just pause one little moment
Before the open door,
And whisper low the secret
You found within that flower.

LADY MOON

LADY Moon, lady moon,
Sailing so high!
Drop down to baby
From out the clear sky;
Babykin, babykin,
Down far below,
I hear thee calling,
But I cannot go.

But lady moon sendeth thee
Soft shining rays;
Moon loves the baby,
The moonlight says.
In her house dark and blue,
Though she must stay,
Kindly she'll watch thee
Till dawns the new day.

—*Lord Houghton.*

THE WASP AND THE BEE

A wasp met a Bee that was just buzzing by,
And said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that I am told."

"Ah friend," said the Bee, "it is all very true,
And were I but half as much mischief to do,
Then people would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape, and a delicate wing;
You are perfectly handsome, but there is one thing
They can never put up with, and that is your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a useful and innocent Bee."

AUGUST

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

IF I were a sunbeam,
I know what I would do;
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through;
I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I would go;
Into lowliest hovels
Dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad,
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God has blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

THE city mouse lives in a house;—
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—
The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,
Poor little timid furry man.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

LOVE

THE night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—*Francis Bourdillon.*

THIRD YEAR

'True worth is in *being,* not *seeming,*
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

—*Alice Cary.*

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER*

THE golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
The asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grape's sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

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QUEER LITTLE HISTORIANS

JUST a raindrop loitering earthward,
All alone,
Leaves a tiny "tell tale story"
In the stone.

Gravel, tossed by teasing water,
Down the hill,
Shows where once in merry laughter
Flowed a rill.

In the coal bed, dark and hidden,
Ferns, (how queer!)
Left a message, plainly saying,
"We've been here."

You may see where tiny ripples
On the sands,
Leave a history written by their
Unseen hands.

Why, the oak trees, by their bending
Clearly show
The direction playful winds blew,
Years ago!

So our habits tell us, little
Maids and men,
What the history of our whole past
Life has been.

—*Adelbert F. Caldwell.*

OCTOBER

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER*

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And Golden-Rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When Gentians roll their fringes tight,
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O, sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

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A FABLE

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig;"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

—*R. W. Emerson.*

NOVEMBER

PSALM I

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

—*The Bible.*

NOVEMBER

THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves today are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

—*Alice Cary.*

DECEMBER

THE LITTLE FIR TREES

HEY! little evergreens,
Sturdy and strong!
Summer and autumn time
Hasten along.
Harvest the sunbeams, then,
Bind them in sheaves,
Range them, and change them
To tufts of green leaves.
Delve in the mellow mold,
Far, far below,
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Up, up so airily
To the blue sky,
Lift up your leafy tips
Stately and high;
Clasp tight your tiny cones,
Tawny and brown;
By and by, buffeting
Rains will pelt down;
By and by, bitterly
Chill winds will blow;
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Gather all uttermost
Beauty, because,
Hark, till I tell it now!
How Santa Claus,
Out of the northern land,
Over the seas,
Soon shall come seeking you,
Evergreen trees!
Seek you with reindeer, soon,
Over the snow;
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

What if the maples flare
Flaunting and red,
You shall wear waxen white
Tapers instead!
What if now, otherwhere,
Birds are beguiled,
You shall yet nestle
The little Christ-child!
Ah, the strange splendor
The fir trees shall know!
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

—*Evaleen Stein.*

JANUARY

HOLIDAY GIFTS

WHY do you look so downcast?
What do I hear you say?
"Nothing to give to people
On Christmas or New Year's day?"
You want to be making presents?
Well, now, just think a while;
Suppose you look in the glass, dear,
And present yourself with a smile.

Then make up a bundle of troubles
And give them away to the Past,
He owns such a musty junkshop
Where worn-out worries are cast.
Just bundle them on to the Old Year,
And let him lug them away,
And next give a heart of hope dear,
To the New Year, blithe and gay.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"YOU think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide,
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown,
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

FEBRUARY

WAITING TO GROW

LITTLE white snowdrop just waking up,
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup;
Think of the flowers that are under the snow
Waiting to grow!

And think what hosts of queer little seeds,
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and weeds
Are under the leaves, and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Under the ice, and the leaves, and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more
Will you have to wait behind that door;
Listen and watch—and wait—below,
Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small, and hidden so well,
That God will not find it, and presently tell
His sun where to shine, and his rain where to go,
To help it to grow!

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

OH Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm;
With the garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

The star spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
May the service united ne'er sever
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

—*D. T. Shaw.*

MARCH

WHAT MARCH DOES

IN the dark silence of her chamber low,
March works sweeter things than mortals know.
Her noiseless looms ply on with busy care,
Weaving the fine cloth that the flowers wear;
She sews the seams in violet's queer hood,
And paints the sweet arbutus of the wood.
Out of a bit of sky's delicious blue
She fashions hyacinths, and harebells, too;
And from a sunbeam makes a cowslip fair,
Or spins a gown for a daffodil to wear.
She pulls the cover from the crocus beds
And bids the sleepers lift their drowsy heads.
"Come, early risers; come anemone,
My pale windflower, awake, awake," calls she.
"The world expects you, and your lovers wait
To give you welcome at Spring's open gate."
She marshals the close armies of the grass,
And polishes their green blades as they pass.
And all the blossoms of the fruit trees sweet
Are piled in rosy shells about her feet.
Within her great alembic she distills
The dainty odor which each flower fills.
Nor does she ever give to mignonette
The perfume that belongs to violet.
Nature does well whatever task she tries
Because *obedient,*—there the secret lies.

—*May Riley Smith.*

SIR ROBIN

ROLLICKING Robin is here again.
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it! Doesn't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
"Ha! ha! ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh.
"That isn't the best of the story, by half!"

Robin, Sir Robin, gay red-vested knight,
Now you have come to us, summer's in sight.
You never dreamed of the wonders you bring,
Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
How all the beautiful by and by
Around you and after you seems to fly!
Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind!
Well have you earned every morsel you find.
"Aye! ha! ha! ha!" whistles Robin, "My dear,
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

APRIL

THE TENDRIL'S FAITH

UNDER the snow in the dark and the cold
A pale little tendril was humming;
Sweetly it sang 'neath the frozen mold
Of the beautiful days that were coming.

"How foolish your songs," said a lump of clay;
"What is there, I ask, to prove them?
Just look at these walls between you and the day,
How can you have power to remove them?"

But under the ice and under the snow,
The pale little sprout kept singing,
"I cannot tell how, but I know, I know—
I know what the days are bringing.

"Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
Blue, blue skies above me;
Bloom on the meadow, and buds on the trees,
And the great glad sun to love me."

Then a pebble spoke up: "You are quite absurd,"
It said, "with your song's insistence;
For I never saw a tree or a bird,
So of course there are none in existence."

But, "I know, I know," the tendril cried,
In beautiful sweet unreason,
Till lo, from its prison, glorified
It burst in the glad spring season.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

AGREED TO DISAGREE

A mouse, a cricket, a bumblebee
Started out in the sweet spring weather.
"Let's all agree,"
Said the bumblebee,
"To build us a house and live together."
"I'm willing to try,"
Said the cricket spry,
Said dear little mousie, "So am I."

"Under the porch, away down low,"
The cricket chirruped in rare delight,
"Is the place, I know,
For us to go;
There's not the tiniest ray of light!
We'll hide away
From the dazzling day,
And chirrup and buzz and squeak all night."
Said the mouse, "O dear,
I fear, I fear
Such a place would be so dark and drear!"

"Away, 'way up in the elm tree high,"
Said the bumblebee, "is a cozy nook,
In the early light
Of the morning bright
A royal place. Let us go and look,"
Said the cricket, "Why,
As I can not fly,
I never could think of going so high."

Said the Mistress Mouse, "The finest spot
Is out in the field of growing wheat;
We'll build a dot
Of a nest—why not?—
Convenient, cozy, and snug and sweet."
Said the bumblebee,
"Dear me, dear me!
Such a house would never do for three."

Well, Mistress Mouse
Built a wee, wee house,
And cuddled under the sun-warmed hay.
The bumblebee
From his hole in the tree
Buzzed and hummed through the sunny day,
While the cricket stole
To the darkest hole
And chirruped till morning's earliest ray.
And though they could never live together,
All rejoiced in the sweet spring weather.

—*Sydney Dayre.*

MAY

THE FOUR SUNBEAMS

FOUR little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west."
One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.
One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim darkened room.
One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad
And lifted her white face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light
Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure,"—
Then softly they sank to their rest.

—*M. K. B.*

A SONG

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

—*From Pippa Passes, Robert Browning.*

JUNE

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here,
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

WINGED SEEDS

O gold-green wings and bronze-green wings,
And rose tinged wings that down the breeze
Come sailing from the maple trees!
You showering things, you shimmering things,
That June-time always brings!
O, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The shade of lovely leaves to spread,
Or shining angels, that had birth
When kindly words were said?

O, downy dandelion wings,
Wild-floating wings, like silver spun,
That dance and glisten in the sun!
You airy things, you elfin things,
That June-time always brings!
O, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The light of laughing flowers to spread?
Or flitting fairies that had birth
When merry words were said?

—*Helen Gray Cone.*

JULY

THE THROSTLE

SUMMER is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE FORGET-ME-NOT

WHEN to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one,—
All timidly it came.

And standing at the Father's feet
And gazing on His face,
It said, in meek and timid voice,
Yet with a gentle grace:

"Dear Lord, the name Thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot."
The Father kindly looked on her
And said, "Forget-me-not."

AUGUST

EARTH TO AIR

A little worm on branch of gray,
Began his work one summer day.
He planned and built, he wove and spun,
Until his tiny house was done.
He laid the walls with leaf-green rails;
He set the roof with golden nails;
He wove a sheet of softest lace,
And in its folds himself found place.
He slept and in the dark of night,
Upon his sides grew wings of light.
The shining house became a veil,
And gone was every golden nail.
Through the thin walls of gauze I spied
The rainbow wings he had not tried;
They cradled close and folded tight
His velvet body, strong and light.
On sped the hours till sleep was done,
Wide swung the doors to life's new sun.
He woke!—he longed his wings to try,
And found himself—a butterfly!
No longer measuring slow his way,
No longer shut from light of day,
He does not toil with creeping things,
But floats with birds on happy wings.
Dear symbol of immortal years,
Thy lesson banishes our fears;
For we, when done with earthly things
Shall find like thee, our angel wings.

—*Lydia Avery Coonly Ward.*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

FOURTH YEAR

Sow a thought, you reap an action;
Sow an action, you reap a habit;
Sow a habit, you reap a character;
Sow a character, you reap a destiny.

SEPTEMBER

A DREAM OF AUTUMN

MELLOW hazes, lowly trailing
Over wood and meadow, veiling
Somber skies, with wildfowl sailing
Sailor-like to foreign lands;
And the north-wind overleaping
Summer's brink, and floodlike sweeping
Wrecks of roses where the weeping
Willows wring their helpless hands.

Flared, like Titan torches flinging
Flakes of flame and embers, springing
From the vale the trees stand swinging
In the moaning atmosphere;
While in dead'ning-lands the lowing
Of the cattle, sadder growing,
Fills the sense to overflowing
With the sorrow of the year.

Sorrowfully, yet the sweeter
Sings the brook in rippled meter
Under boughs that lithely teeter
Lone birds, answering from the shores
Through the viny, shady-shiny
Interspaces, shot with tiny
Flying motes that speck the winy
Wave-engraven sycamores.

Fields of ragged stubble, wrangled
With rank weeds, and shocks of tangled
Corn, with crests like rent plumes dangled
Over Harvest's battle-plain;

And the sudden whir and whistle
Of the quail that, like a missile,
Whizzes over thorn and thistle,
And, a missile, drops again.

Muffled voices, hid in thickets
Where the redbird stops to stick its
Ruddy beak betwixt the pickets
Of the truant's rustic trap;
And the sound of laughter ringing
Where, within the wild-vine swinging,
Climb Bacchante's schoolmates, flinging
Purple clusters in her lap.

Rich as wine, the sunset flashes
Round the tilted world, and dashes
Up the sloping west and splashes
Red foam over sky and sea—
Till my dream of Autumn, paling
In the splendor all-prevailing,
Like a sallow leaf goes sailing
Down the silence solemnly.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

RARE SEPTEMBER

'TIS the radiant rare September,
With the clusters ripe on the vine,
With scents that mingle in spicy tingle
On the hill slope's glimmering line.

And summer's a step behind us,
And autumn's a thought before,
And each fleet sweet day that we meet on the way
Is an angel at the door.

OCTOBER

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And the children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

COLUMBUS*

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him, not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say at break of day,
Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

They sailed; they sailed. Then spake the mate;
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!"

Then, pale and worn he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a star-lit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world! He gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On and on!"

—Joaquin Miller.

*In point of power, workmanship, and feeling, among all the poems written by Americans, we are inclined to give first place to "The Port of Ships," or "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller.—London Athenaeum.

NOVEMBER

PSALM CL

1. Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

2. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

3. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

4. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

5. Praise him with the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

6. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

—*The Bible.*

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found;
Freedom to worship God!

—*Dorothea Felicia Hemans.*

DECEMBER

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

YOU come from a land where the snow lies deep
In forest glade, on mountain steep,
Where the days are short and the nights are long,
And never a skylark sings his song.
Have you seen the wild deer in his mountain home,
And watched the fall of the brown pine cone?
Do you miss your mates in the land of snow,
Where none but the evergreen branches grow?
Dear tree, we will dress you in robes so bright
That ne'er could be seen a prettier sight;
In glittering balls and tinkling bells,
And the star which the story of Christmas tells;
On every branch we will place a light
That shall send its gleam through the starry night;
And the little children will gather there,
And carol their songs in voices fair;
And we hope you will never homesick be,
You beautiful, beautiful Christmas tree.

—*Mary A. McHugh.*

JANUARY

THE WIZARD FROST

WONDROUS things have come to pass
On my square of window glass.
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green,—
Trees whose branches never stir,—
Skies without a cloud or blur,—
Church spires pointing to the sky,—
And a funny little town
Where the people, up and down
Streets of silver, to me seem
Like the people in a dream
Dressed in finest kinds of lace;
'Tis a picture on a space
Scarcely larger than my hand,
Of a tiny Switzerland,
Which the Wizard Frost has drawn
'Twixt the daylight and the dawn.
Quick, and see what he has done
Ere 'tis stolen by the sun.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

FEBRUARY

FLAG OF THE FREE

FLAG of the free, fairest to see!
Borne through the strife and the thunder of war;
Banner so bright with starry light,
Foat ever proudly from mountain to shore.
Emblem of Freedom, hope to the slave,
Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
While through the sky, loud rings the cry,
Union and Liberty! One evermore.

Flag of the brave, long may it wave,
Chosen of God while His might we adore,
In Freedom's van for good to man,
Symbol of Right through the years passing o'er.
Pride of our country, honored afar,
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star,
While through the sky, loud rings the cry,
Union and Liberty! One evermore.

JUST A LITTLE

JUST a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow;
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom at a burst,
Slowly, slowly at the first,
That's the way,
Just a little every day.

MARCH

MARCH! March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind;
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! March! They are slipping
Into their places at last;
Little white lily-buds, dripping
Under the showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses;
Snowdrop and bluebell and pink;
Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
Bending, the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle-sound;
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass, from your pillow!
Hear who is calling you—March.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE REDBREAST AND BUTTERFLY

ART thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin;
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The bird, who by some name or other
All men who know thee call their brother,
The darling of children and men?
Could father Adam open his eyes,*
And see this sight beneath the skies,
He'd wish to close them again.

If the butterfly knew but his friend,
Hither his flight he would bend;
And find his way to me
Under the branches of the tree;
In and out, he darts about;
Can this be the bird, to man so good,
That, after their bewildering,
Did cover with leaves the little children,
So painfully in the wood?

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou couldst pursue
A beautiful creature,
That is gentle by nature?
Beneath the summer sky
From flower to flower let him fly;
'Tis all that he wishes to do.
The cheerer thou of our indoor sadness,
He is the friend of our summer gladness;
What hinders, then, that ye should be
Playmates in the sunny weather,
And fly about in the air together!
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
A crimson as bright as thine own;
If thou wouldst be happy in thy nest,
O pious bird! whom man loves best,
Love him, or leave him alone!

—*William Wordsworth.*

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*See "Paradise Lost," book xi, where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the eagle chasing "two birds of gayest plume," and the gentle hart and hind pursued by their enemy.

APRIL

THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed,—and gazed,—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure thrills
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

JACK-in-the-pulpit
Preaches today
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say,
In his low painted pulpit,
This calm sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Penciled, by Nature's hand,
Black, brown and green;

Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice,
The chorister bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres,
Low singing-bird voices,—
These are his choirs.

The violets are deacons;
I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine.
And the columbines bravely,
As sentinels stand
On the lookout, with all their
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers with bonnets—
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair.

Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces,
Upturned and pale;
Wild-wood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed,—
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

MAY

LITTLE DANDELION

GAY little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads;
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above;
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks
Clothed but in green,
Where in the days agone
Bright hues were seen,
Wild pinks are slumbering;
Violets decay;
True little dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion;
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair.

High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye

Pale little Dandelion
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud.
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay;
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

—*Helen Bostwick.*

MAY

MERRY, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day;
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about,
And nothing in Nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving bright young May.

—*MacDonald.*

JUNE

LITTLE BOY BLUE*

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands,
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said;
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys;
And as he was dreaming, an angel's song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*Eugene Field.*

*From The Eugene Field Reader. Permission from Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,

How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

Mine, on bending orchard trees
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy.

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood;
On the door-stone gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,

Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah, that thou could'st know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—*John G. Whittier.*

JULY

SUMMER'S SUNNY DAYS

SUMMER'S sunny days have come;
Soft and sweet the wind is blowing;
Bees across the meadow hum,
Where the golden flowers are growing;
Fields and trees are green and fair,
And sunshine's sleeping everywhere.

Oh, the sunny summer days,
When the ripples dance and quiver;
And the sun at noontide lays
Starlike jewels on the river!
Take your shoes off; wade in here,
Where the water 's warm and clear.

Listen to the song it sings,
Ever rippling, ever flowing;
Telling of a thousand things,
Whence it comes and whither going;
Singing like the birds and bees,
Of the wondrous world it sees.

All the world is filled with sound,
And the very air is ringing,
Up and down and all around,
With the songs the birds are singing.
Oh, the golden summer hours,
When earth's a paradise of flowers.

—*From The Child's World.*

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so, from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—*Mary H. Krout.*

AUGUST

GIVE

SEE the rivers flowing
Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free;
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies!

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes,
From their beauty shed:
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth!

Give thy heart's best treasures,—
From fair Nature learn!
Give thy love, and ask not,
Wait not a return!
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

—*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more;
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot.

—*William Cowper.*

FIFTH YEAR

THE heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—*Longfellow.*

SEPTEMBER

THE CORN-SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly;

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE BETTER WAY

IF anything unkind you hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Do not, I pray you, it repeat
When you that some one chance to meet,
For such news has a leaden way
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.

But if you something pleasant hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Make haste—to make great haste 'twere well,
To her or him the same to tell;
For such news has a golden way
Of lighting up a cloudy day.

OCTOBER

OCTOBER SONG

THE locust trees are hung with pods
Of glossy russet-brown,
And tawny leaves of sycamores
Are swiftly drifting down.

Their purple clusters, over-ripe,
The trailing wild-grapes show;
And frost-tipped woodbine clambers up
From scarlet depths below.

Still clinging to the clover stalks
Are blossoms, white and sweet;
And pricked in tufted rows, the fields
Are green with winter wheat.

On furrowed mold, where grew the corn,
Pale, golden stubble stands;
And lingering blackbirds pipe and trill
Through swampy meadow-lands

Far, far above, within the blue,
Half hid in lofty flight,
A hawk sails slow, and sunward turns
A breast of shining white.

The air is full of milkweed films,
And floating thistle floss;
And busily the spiders spin
Their silver nets across

The red-oak's tangled undergrowth
Of lacing boughs, and string
The yellow lindens, that the winds
Are rudely pillaging.

And where the ruddy maples blaze
Athwart the gusty air,
It lifts their leaves like little flames,
And puffs them everywhere.

But what if, loosed with fitful touch,
The woodland doffs its gown;
What if the fallow hillside grass
Grows slowly crisp and brown!

What matter that the truant sun
Slips southward, day by day,
And that, hard by, the winter waits
To hood the skies in gray!

I'll find but deeper joy in this,
The autumn's pageantry;
The sumac boughs are brighter far
Than dark forebodings be.

—*Evaleen Stein.*

AUTUMN LEAVES

IN the hush and the lonely silence
Of the chill October night
Some wizard has worked his magic
With fairy fingers light.
The leaves of the sturdy oak trees
Are splendid with crimson and red,
And the golden flags of the maple
Are fluttering overhead.

Through the tangle of faded grasses
There are trailing vines ablaze,
And the glory of warmth and color
Gleams through the autumn haze
Like banners of marching armies
That farther and farther go;
Down the winding roads and valleys
The boughs of the sumacs glow.

So open your eyes little children,
And open your hearts as well,
Till the charm of the bright October
Shall fold you in its spell.

—Angelina Wray.

NOVEMBER

DOWN TO SLEEP

NOVEMBER woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night.
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things "lie down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things "lie down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "good night,"
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still,
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill,
Life's night rests feet that long have stood;
Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

PSALM XV

1. Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2. He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up reproach against his neighbor.

4. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.

5. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

—*The Bible.*

DECEMBER

FROST WORK

THESE winter nights against my window pane,
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns, and blossoms, and fine sprays of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn, and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when summer comes again,
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings.—By and by,
Walking my leafy garden as of old,
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

HOME, SWEET HOME

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;—
Give me them—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

—John Howard Payne.

JANUARY

TO and fro,
To and fro,
Athwart the tingling icy air,
The linden branches blow, and so,
With warp of wind and woof of snow,
The weaver Winter's shuttles go;
Such garment rare
The earth shall wear,
No softest ermine, neither vair,
Nor royal robing anywhere,
Nor any cunning looms may show
A fabric half so fair.

Upon the peach and apple trees
A thousand frosty fringes freeze;
The moon-vines lace the lattice bars
In filmy filigrees.
The grass is flecked with flaky stars;
The clover-tufts are hid from sight;
And, now and then, a bird alight
With burst of gleeful flutter, jars
The pearly-laden red rose-hips,
And tilting airily, so tips
A tiny tempest, pelting down
The slender briars bare and brown;
Or else some sudden flurry stirs
The fleecy drifts that freight the firs,
And swept from silvery tassels slips
A swirling cloud of trailing, bright,
Light scarfs of powdered white.

* * * * *

Aye, richly, Winter, to and fro
Thus let your silver shuttles go,
Till every sparkling web is spun;
Still, with rare skill, unceasing ply
Your artful trickeries, and try
All chill enchantments, every one
Of all devices to beguile
This dreary overweary while
Wherein we wait the sun;
And since the north must yet prevail,
And bitter cheerless winds assail,
Come, white-wing'd snows, and over all
Like shreds of floating feathers fall,
And lightly lie!
So, by and by,
—Ah, by and by!—
Like blue flakes from an azure sky,
The April birds will fly.

———

—*Evaleen Stein.*

ASLEEP

DEAR tired Mother Earth has gone to sleep;
Walk tiptoe through her chamber lest she waken!
Her children faithful watch above her keep,
While she with slumber sweet is overtaken.
Not long ago a thousand tender ferns
Spread over her their wealth of dew-spun laces,
And nestled close to her warm heart, where burns
The fire that kindles Springtime's sylvan graces.
And when the blessed Mother longed for rest,
How soothingly the little tender grasses
Threw all their soft green arms across her breast;
No wintry blast shall touch her as it passes!
The maples watched her with a beaming smile
When proud October covered them with glory,
And gladly doffed their golden robes, the while
With them they made her bed—the old sweet story!
And yesterday all day the longing sky
Bent lovingly and wistfully above her,
While soft white kisses—O, so tenderly—
Came down and covered her—who could but love her!

—*Edward A. Jenks.*

FEBRUARY

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THIS man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms that unfought victories won.
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen,
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart.
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent;
Upon his back, a more than Atlas load,
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
He stooped and rose up with it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place
To this dead Benefactor of the Race.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

MARCH

THE stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms, the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou brings't the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of many showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I come! I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have sent through the wood paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly!
With the lyre and the wreath and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

APRIL

THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN

O the South Wind and the Sun!
How each loved the other one—
Full of Fancy—full of folly—
Full of jollity and fun!
How they romped and ran about,
Like two boys when school is out,
With glowing face, and lisping lip,
Low laugh, and lifted shout!

And the South Wind—he was dressed
With a ribbon round his breast
That floated, flapped and fluttered
In a riotous unrest,
And a drapery of mist,
From the shoulder and the wrist
Flowing backward with the motion
Of the waving hand he kissed.

And the Sun had on a crown
Wrought of gilded thistle-down,
And a scarf of velvet vapor,
And a raveled-rainbow gown;
And his tinsel-tangled hair,
Tossed and lost upon the air,
Was glossier and flossier
Than any anywhere.

And the South Wind's eyes were two
Little dancing drops of dew,
As he puffed his cheeks, and pursed his lips,
And blew, and blew, and blew!
And the Sun's—like diamond-stone,
Brighter yet than ever known,
As he knit his brows, and held his breath,
And shone, and shone, and shone!

And this pair of merry fays
Wandered through the summer days;
Arm-in-arm they went together
Over heights of morning haze—
Over slanting slopes of lawn,
They went on, and on, and on,
Where the daisies looked like star-tracks
Trailing up and down the dawn.

* * * * * * *

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE AVERAGE MAN

WHEN it comes to a question of trusting
Yourself to the risks of the road,
When the thing is the sharing of burdens,
The lifting the heft of a load,
In the hour of peril or trial,
In the hour you meet as you can,
You may safely depend on the wisdom
And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other
Who does his plain duty each day,
The small thing his wage is for doing,
On the commonplace bit of the way.
'Tis the average man, may God bless him,
Who pilots us, still in the van,
Over land, over sea as we travel,
Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence,
All mingling in shadow and shine,
We may count on the every-day hero
Whom haply the gods may divine,
But who wears the swart grime of his calling,
And labors and earns as he can,
And stands at the last with the noblest,
The commonplace average man.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

MAY

WORK

SWEET wind, fair wind, where have you
been?
"I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;
I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard by;
I've been laughing at work while others sigh;
Let those laugh who win!"
Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?
"I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;
I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells;
Is that worth pursuing?"
Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?
"I've been watching the nest where my fledge-
lings lie;
I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
Up and away, every one!"
Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going?
"To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself;
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle or be it a rose—
A secret worth the knowing!"
Wind and rain fulfilling His word!
Tell me, was ever a legend heard
Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred;
Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred?

—*Mary N. Prescott.*

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ

IT was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The *Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

*Melodies of the Swiss mountaineers blown on a long tube called the Alpine horn, and sometimes sung.

JUNE

JUNE in the grass!
Daisies and buttercups, lo, they surpass
Coined gold of kings; and for queendom, the rose,
Bloom of the month, see how stately she goes.
Blow, winds, and waft me the breathings of flowers;
June's in her bowers.

June overhead!
All the birds know it, for swift they have sped
Northward, and now they are singing like mad;
June is full-tide for them, June makes them glad.
Hark, the bright choruses greeting the day—
Sorrow, away!

June in the heart!
Dormant dim dreamings awake and upstart,
Blood courses quicker, some sprite in my feet
Makes rhythm of motion, makes wayfaring sweet—
So, outward or inward, the meaning is clear;
Summer is here.

—*Richard Burton.*

LEANING AND LIFTING

THERE are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.
Not the saint and the sinner, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good;
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health;
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man;
Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No! the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes;
And oddly enough you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

JULY

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of the terrible, swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His days are marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storms,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free;
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke;
And bid its blending shine afar,
Like rainbows on the clouds of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack;
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedoms soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

AUGUST

WINGS

WINGS that flutter in sunny air;
Wings that dive and dip and dare;
Wings of the humming bird flashing by;
Wings of the lark in the purple sky;
Wings of the eagle aloft, aloof;
Wings of the pigeon upon the roof;
Wings of the storm bird swift and free,
With wild winds sweeping across the sea:
Often and often a voice in me sings,—
O, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

O, to winnow the air with wings;
O, to float far above hurtful things—
Things that weary and wear and fret;
Deep in the azure to fly and forget;
To touch in a moment the mountain's crest,
Or haste to the valley for home and rest;
To rock with the pine tree as wild birds may;
To follow the sailor a summer's day;
Over and over a voice in me sings,—
O, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

Softly responsive a voice in me sings,—
Thou hast the freedom, the freedom of wings;
Soon as the glass a second can count,
Into the heavens thy heart may mount;
Hope may fly to the topmost peak;
Love its nest in the vale may seek;
Outspeeding the sailor, Faith's pinions may
Touch the ends of the earth in a summer's day.
Softly responsive a voice in me sings,—
Thou hast the freedom, the freedom of wings.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

OPPORTUNITY

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain,
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought: "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing!" He snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause on that heroic day.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

SIXTH YEAR

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
—*Owen Meredith.*

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER DAYS

CICADA plays his viol mid the grasses,
The last shrill sound at night, the first at morn;
Late poppies grow along the garden passes,
And light winds gossip in the ripening corn.

The sluggish creek, in meadows lately greening,
Is flushed with gold and purple, either brink;
From dusty hedge the last wild rose is leaving,
A deadly pallor on her lovely pink.

With Tyrian fruit the lowly poke is laden;
Wych-hazel weaves her "thread of golden bloom;"
The wandering woodbine, like a Gypsy maiden,
Warms with its color the deep forest's gloom.

The morning sows with pearls Arachne's weaving;
The orchard peach looks out with cheeks a-blush;
From shady nook the ringdove's note of grieving
Floats far and faint upon the noontide hush.

By country roads the scarlet sumac's burning,
And over zigzag fences spread and shine
The lush dark berries, daily turning
Their loyal heart's blood into purple wine.

Down the lane path, where the cows come in the gloaming,
The thistles stand with faded armor on;
In buckwheat bloom the weary bees are roaming,
To gather sweets till the last day is done.

With all thy gift and grace, O fair September,
Some anniversaries it is thine to bring,
That flood unwilling eyes but to remember,
And choke with sighs the heart that fain would sing.

And yet, when God has filled the earth with beauty,
And given the soul a quickened consciousness,
One may go forth in pleasant ways of duty
And feel the chastening Hand in close caress.

—*Elliot C. True.*

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

THE woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school "let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

OCTOBER

INDIAN SUMMER

A soft veil dims the tender skies,
And half conceals from pensive eyes
The bronzing tokens of the fall;
A calmness broods upon the hills,
And summer's parting dream distills
A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn, in brown array,
Stand waiting through the placid day,
Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
The tribes that find a shelter there
Are phantom peoples, forms of air,
And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening when the crimson crest
Of sunset passes down the West,
I hear the whispering host returning;
On far-off fields, by elm and oak,
I see the lights, I smell the smoke,—
The Camp-fires of the Past are burning.

—*Henry VanDyke.*

FAME

AND what shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember, aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean, Fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?—
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown.
Oh! never, never! [known
Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain un-
Whom *thou* know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot!

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple duties with which each day is rife!
Yea, with all thy might!

—*Johann F. C. von Schiller.*

NOVEMBER

PSALM XIX

THE heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

2. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10. More to be desired are they than gold,

yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12. Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

—*The Bible.*

THE PETRIFIED FERN

IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender,
Moving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it;
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole down by night and crowned it;
But no foot of man e'er came that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main;
Stately forests waved their giant branches;
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches;
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not like these,
Did not slumber with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its sweet wild way;
No man came to note it day by day.

Earth one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the strong deep currents of the ocean;
Moved the hills and shook the haughty wood;
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
O the changes! O life's bitter cost,
Since the little useless fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Leafage, veining, fibers, clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line.
So, I think God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the Last Day.

—*Mary Bolles Branch.*

DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—*Longfellow.*

WHEN DADDY LIGHTS THE TREE

WE have our share of ups and downs,
Our cares like other folk;
The pocketbook is sometimes full,
We're sometimes well nigh broke;
But once a year, at Christmas time,
Our hearth is bright to see;
The baby's hand just touches heaven
When Daddy lights the tree.
For weeks and weeks the little ones
Have lotted on this hour;
And mother, she has planned for it
Since summer's sun and shower.
With here a nickel, there a dime,
Put by where none should see,
A loving hoard against the night
When Daddy lights the tree.
The tiny tapers glow like stars;
They mind us of the flame

That rifted once the steel-blue sky
The morn the Christ-child came;
The blessed angels sang to earth
Above that far countree—
We think they sing above our hearth
When Daddy lights the tree.

The weest kid in mother's arms
Laughs out and claps her hands,
The rest of us on tiptoe wait;
The grown-up brother stands
Where he can reach the topmost branch,
Our Santa Claus to be,
In that sweet hour of breathless joy
When Daddy lights the tree.

* * * * * *

'Tis Love that makes the world go round,
'Tis Love that lightens toil,
'Tis Love that lays up treasure which
Nor moth nor rust can spoil;
And Love is in our humble home,
In largesse full and free,
We all are very close to heaven
When Daddy lights the tree.

We pray that little orphaned ones
May have some share of bliss,
Nor when the Yule-tide fires burn
Their bit of gladness miss;
From our rich store we're fain to send
Where'er such children be
A present as from friend to friend
When Daddy lights the tree.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

JANUARY

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passèd on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth,—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;

Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car:
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed.
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword.—
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word:
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor—
The hillside for a pall,—
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,—
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, oh, wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

—*Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.*

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

FEBRUARY

THE HERITAGE

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

* * * * * *

—*James Russell Lowell.*

FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT

'T was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the Castle say;
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!"
"On—on," exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks her temple,
Who is content to gaze and sigh;
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode;
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it
If he has still the Roman will
"To find a way, or make it!"

—*John G. Saxe.*

MARCH

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
Exodus XX, 3-18.

3. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

4. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

5. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

6. And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

7. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

8. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work:

10. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

11. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and

rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.

12. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

13. Thou shalt not kill.

14. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

15. Thou shalt not steal.

16. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

17. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

—*The Bible.*

GRADATIM*

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain;
By the pride deposed, or the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray;
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of earthly things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the ladder falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

*From The Poetical Works of J. G. Holland. Permission from Charles Scribner's Sons.

APRIL

TO THE DANDELION

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never under-stand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and my Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The thought of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book,

—James Russell Lowell.

ROBIN'S COME

FROM the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the Robin's early song!
Telling one and all that now
Merry spring-time hastes along;
Welcome tidings dost thou bring,
Little harbinger of spring,
Robin's come!

Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of the frost and snow,
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
Gladly then we hear thee sing
The reveille of spring,
Robin's come!

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers!
Wake the cowslips by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil!
Robin's come!

—*W. W. Caldwell.*

MAY

LOVE OF COUNTRY

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from which he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

NOLAN'S SPEECH

*From The Man Without a Country.

For your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream, but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to deal with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

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JUNE

THE MOSS ROSE

THE angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay,—
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven;
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused, in silent thought,—
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment,—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

—*Krummacher.*

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight;

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see,—we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody;—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

—*P. B. Shelley.*

JULY

ORIGIN OF THE OPAL

A dewdrop came, with a spark of flame
He had caught from the sun's last ray,
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest
Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and frown;
But she smiled all at once, to view
Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,
Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look
At the sky, so soft and blue;
And a leaflet green with its silver sheen,
Was seen by the idler too.

A cold north wind, as he thus reclined,
Of a sudden raged around;
And a maiden fair, who was walking there,
Next morning, an opal found.

FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. Let me, then, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.
Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in the tops, grew old and died
Among their branches,—till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,

Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art there; Thou fill'st
The solitude; Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

AUGUST

OUR KIND OF A MAN

I.

THE kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smites, as long as the wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith and force like fists;
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most is the need of love;
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime through the blind man's tears;
The light shines out where the clouds were dim,
And the widow's prayer goes up for him;
The latch is clicked at the hovel door,
And the sick man sees the sun once more,
And out o'er the barren fields he sees
Springing blossoms and waving trees,
Feeling, as only the dying may,
That God's own servant has come that way,
Smoothing the path as it still winds on
Through the golden gate where his loved have gone.

II.

The kind of a man for me and you!
However little of worth we do
He credits full, and abides in trust
That time will teach us how more is just.
He walks abroad and he meets all kinds

Of querulous and uneasy minds,
And, sympathizing, he shares the pain
Of the doubts that rack us, heart and brain;
And, knowing this, as we grasp his hand,
We are surely coming to understand!
He looks on sin with pitying eyes—
E'en as the Lord, since Paradise,—
Else, should we read, Though our sins should glow
As scarlet, they shall be white as snow?—
And feeling still, with a grief half glad,
That the bad are as good as the good are bad,
He strikes straight out for the Right—and he
Is the kind of a man for you and me!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

SEVENTH YEAR

This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—*Shakespeare.*

SEPTEMBER

ODE TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are
they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—*J. Keats.*

THE SHELL

SEE what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spine and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three decker's open spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

OCTOBER

TO A WATER-FOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou has given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart was hurried;
Not a solider discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We hurried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

—*C. Wolf.*

NOVEMBER

PSALM XC

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

2. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

6. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

10. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

15. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

16. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

17. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

—*The Bible.*

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!
The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!
Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!
If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!
For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
Amen. —*Rudyard Kipling.*

DECEMBER

THE SNOW-STORM

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastians with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;

Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

JANUARY

WINTER

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

* * * * * * *

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm,
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road.
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

—*From Snowbound—John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE BELLS

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight
From the molten-golden notes!
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats,
Is a groan:
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls!
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells bells
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

FEBRUARY

LINCOLN, THE GREAT COMMONER

WHEN the Norn-mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road,
Clay, warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff,
It was a stuff to wear for centuries;
A man that watched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red Earth,
The tang and color of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king;
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every blow,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridge-pole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.

—*Edwin Markham.*

THE AIM OF LIFE

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs; he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,
And he whose heart beats quickest, lives the longest;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

—*From Festus, Philip James Bailey.*

MARCH

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshaling in arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend and foe—in one red burial blent.

—*George Gordon, Lord Byron.*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder'd;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air.
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber-stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell;
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

APRIL

AN APRIL DAY

ALL day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fullness down;
All day that soft, gray mist hath wrapped
Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of Nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature;

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half-believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen;
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now, upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air,
Is all with fragrance rife;
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores,
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.

And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth, of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud,
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

—*Caroline Anne Bowles Southey.*

KING HENRY'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it ply through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean,
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on you noble English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof!
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget
you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good
yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you were worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, "God for Harry, England, and Saint George."

—*From Henry V.—Shakespeare.*

MAY

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

O say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does the star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen, through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.
'Tis the star spangled banner, oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation;
Blessed with vict'ry and peace may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robings of glory
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—*Francis M. Finch.*

JUNE

THOUGHTS FER THE DISCURAGED FARMER

THE summer winds is sniffin' round the bloomin' locus' trees;
And the clover in the pastur' is a big day fer the bees,
And they been a-swiggin' honey, above board and on the sly,
Till they stutter in their buzzin' and stagger as they fly.
The flicker on the fence-rail 'pears to jest spit on his wings
And roll up his feathers, by the sassy way he sings;
And the hoss-fly is a whettin'-up his forelegs fer biz,
And the off-mare is a switchin' all of her tail they is!

You can hear the blackbirds jawin' as they foller up the plow—
Oh, they're bound to git their breakfast and they're not a-carin' how;
So they quarrel in the furries, and they quarrel on the wing—
But they're peaceabler in pot-pies than any other thing;
And it's when I git my shotgun drawed up in stiddy rest,
She's as full of tribbelation as a yaller-jackets' nest;

And a few shots before dinner, when the sun's
a-shinin' right,
Seems to kindo-sorto sharpen up a feller's appe-
tite!

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out
today,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared
away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass
is greener still;
It may rain again to-morry, but I don't think it
will.
Some says the crops is ruined, and the corn's
drownded out,
And propha-sy the wheat will be a failure, with-
out doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed
as yet,
Will be on hands onc't more at the 'leventh hour,
I bet.

Does the medder-lark complain, as he swims high
and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue
of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whistle in a disap-
pinted way,
Er hang his head in silence, and sorrow all the
day?
Is the chipmunk's health a failin'? Does he
walk, er does he run?

Don't the buzzards ooze around up thare jist
like they've allus done?
Is there anything the matter with the rooster's
lungs er voice?
Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb animals
rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contented with our
lot;
The June is here this morning, and the sun is
shinin' hot,
Oh! let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the
day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow
far away!
Whatever be our station, with Providence fer
guide,
Such fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full
of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips
fer me and you.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

JULY

THE HUMBLE-BEE

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.
Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness
Bless'd be thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and mountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be,
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

—*James Hogg.*

AUGUST

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
The pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains,
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

—*Percy Byssche Shelley.*

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

THERE lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover;
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimensions!
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O, empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's
In thee what songs should waken!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

EIGHTH YEAR

"MAY every soul that touches thine,
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom
some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt; one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter sky beyond the gather-
ing mists,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage."

SEPTEMBER

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in its last found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on my ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

HYMN TO DIANA

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

—*Ben Jonson.*

OCTOBER

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is at its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—*William Cullen Bryant*

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady,—she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

NOVEMBER

PSALM CXLVIII

1. Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise Him in the heights.

2. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

3. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise ye him, all ye stars of light.

4. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

5. Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

6. He hath also established them forever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

7. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps.

8. Fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word.

9. Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars;

10. Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl:

11. Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

12. Both young men and maidens; old men, and children:

13. Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

14. He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the Lord.

DECEMBER

"GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE"

"GOD bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled, and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed, indeed,
That it, at best, could give to him, the while,
But pitying glances, when his only need
Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one!"
Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child-heart; and so, despising none,
Was nearer saint than man.

I like to fancy God, in Paradise
Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing
Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes
Turned earthward, listening—

The Anthem stilled—the angels leaning there
Above the golden walls—the morning sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer
"God bless us Every One!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

WINTER.

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipped
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,

That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match that winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

From The Vision of Sir Launfal.

JANUARY

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Meanwhile, along the narrow rugged path
Thyself have trod,
Lead, Savior, lead me home in childish faith,
Home to my God.
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

REMEMBER!

Ecclesiastes XII, 1-7.

1. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2. While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

3. In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

5. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

6. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

—*The Bible.*

FEBRUARY

THE SHIP OF STATE

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores; and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—*Walt Whitman.*

MARCH

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

SAINT Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear,
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THANATOPSIS

O him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To natures teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods,—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom—Take the wings
Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years—matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

APRIL

CONCORD HYMN*

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

*Sung at the completion of the battle monument, April 19, 1836.

OLD IRONSIDES

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

MAY

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that

these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

November 19, 1863.

WE know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the freemen who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work, they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted, and enlarged, to our children and our children's children. To do so, we must show not merely in great crises but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and above all, the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Inaugural Address, March 4, 1905.

JUNE

A JUNE DAY

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters
and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?
Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard-by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe,
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

JULY

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

When, why, and by whom, was our flag, the Stars and Stripes, first called "Old Glory?"

Daily Query to Press.

I.

OLD Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere,
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to?—
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead,
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

II.

Old Glory,—speak out! We are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay,
As we cheer it, and shout in our wild breezy way,
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—
We, Tom, Dick, and Harry, each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When—*Lord!*—we all know we're as common as sin!
And it just seems like you humor us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.
And this is the reason we're wanting to know
(And we're wanting it *so!*
Where our fathers went we are willing to go)
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant; then wistfully sighed and was still.

III.

Old Glory, the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,
For your name,—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?
Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.

IV.

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
So I came by the name of Old Glory.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE PRESENT CRISIS

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

* * * * * *

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

* * * * * * * *

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

* * * * * * * *

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the Faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline

To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

* * * * * *

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted Key.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

AUGUST

SONG.

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings alway;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

BETWEEN WHILES

AIM to be what you would like to seem to be.

+

Time lost is never found again.
—*Benjamin Franklin.*

+

To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first. —*Shakespeare.*

+

Life is too short for aught but high endeavor. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

+

Too low they build, who build below the stars. —*Young*

+

What ought not to be done, never think of doing. —*Epictitus.*

+

If you would not be known to do a thing never do it. —*Emerson.*

+

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. —*Michelangelo.*

+

Nothing has been that shall not bettered be hereafter. —*Robert Browning.*

+

A lie is a lie, whether it be a lie to the eye or a lie to the ear. —*Samuel Johnson.*

+

To tell a lie is like the cut of a saber; although the wound may heal, the scar will still remain. —*Sadi.*

GET work, get work; be sure
It is better than what we work to get.
—*Mrs. Browning.*

+

A man's reach must exceed his grasp, else what's a heaven for? —*Robert Browning.*

+

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man. —*Goethe.*

+

For he that will say and nothing do
Is not worthy with good company to go.
—*From Everyman.*

+

The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our ignorance. —*Spurgeon.*

+

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.
—*Disraeli.*

+

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
—*Pope.*

+

"Bad habits gather by unseen degrees
As brooks make rivers and rivers run to seas."

+

I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.
—*Abraham Lincoln.*

PASS therefore not today in vain
For it will never come again.
—*Omar Khayam.*

+

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would seek for pearls must dive below.
—*Dryden.*

+

Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more.
—*Young.*

+

Better pursue a frivolous trade by serious means
Than a sublime art frivolously.
—*Mrs. Browning.*

+

No star is lost we ever once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been.
—*Adelaide Proctor.*

+

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;
The fault that needs it most grows two thereby.
—*George Herbert.*

+

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it each day and at last we cannot break it.
—*Horace Mann.*

+

Envy is merely the meanest form of admiration; and a man who envies another admits thereby his own inferiority.
—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

THERE is nothing in which people betray their characters more than in what they find to laugh at. —*Goethe.*

+

He who knows what is good and choses it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is learned and temperate. —*Socrates.*

+

With a nation as with a man, the worthiness of life depends upon the way in which the every-day duties are done.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

+

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts.

+

Train a boy to be brave and to speak the truth, and you have done your best by him; the rest he must do for himself.

—*Lew Wallace.*

+

It is important to learn early to rely upon one's self, for little has been done in the world by those who are always looking for someone to lean on. —*Edward Everett.*

+

I do not expect perfection, but I do expect genuine and sincere effort towards being decent and cleanly in thought, word and deed.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

KINDNESS is the music of good will to men, and on this harp, the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

—*Elihu Burritt.*

+

Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

+

Above all, remember this, that the most unsafe advice to follow is that of the man who would advise us to do wrong in order that we may benefit by it. —*Theodore Roosevelt.*

+

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; it is but saying in another way that he is wiser today than he was yesterday. —*William Penn.*

+

Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

—*Scott.*

+

If we read the secret history of our enemies, we could find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

—*Longfellow.*

BE like the bird, who, pausing in her flight
Awhile, on boughs too slight,
Feels them give beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing she has wings. —*Browning.*

+

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care,—
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak
And how and when and where.
—*Unknown.*

+

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass; for we all have need to be forgiven. —*Herbert.*

+

"Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done." —*Robart.*

+

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that way when you're flying words;
Thoughts unexpressed sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said. —*Will Carlton.*

+

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.
—*Whittier.*

SINCE the Universe began
And till it shall be ended
The soul of Nature, soul of man
And the soul of God are blended.
—*Unknown.*

+

He liveth long who loveth well,
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
—*Cowper.*

+

How shall I a habit break?
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered you must loose
As you yielded, now refuse.
—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

+

Four things a man must learn to do,
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.
—*Henry Van Dyke.*

+

Let any man
Once show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels;
Let him fearlessly face it and 'twill leave him alone,
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he fling it a bone.
—*Owen Meredith*

YOU will find that luck is only pluck
To try things over and over,
Patience and skill, courage and will
Are the four leaves of luck's clover.
—*Ella Higginson.*

+

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him;
There is always work,—and tools to work withal,
For those who will; and blessed be the horny hands of toil. —*Lowell.*

+

Noble thoughts and lofty sentiments are the parents of pure and purposeful emotions, and these heaven-born emotions are the parents of splendid deeds, heroic life, and God-like character. —*Unknown.*

+

It is a good thing to have a sound body and a better thing to have a sound mind; and better still to have that aggregate of virile and decent qualities which we group together under the name of character.
—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

+

Live up to the best that is in you; live noble lives as you all may, in whatever condition you may find yourselves, so that your epitaph may be that of Euripides: "This monument does not make thee famous, O Euripides, but thou makest this monument famous." —*Longfellow.*

WERE a great star quenched on high,
For ages would its light
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

—*Longfellow.*

+

In all the affairs of human life, social as well as political, I have remarked that courtesies, of a small and trivial character, are the ones that strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart.

—*Henry Clay.*

+

Let us always remember that whatever differences about politics may have existed, or may still exist, we are all Americans before we are partisans, and cherish the welfare of all the people above party or state.

—*William McKinley.*

+

TO look up and not down;
To look forward and not back;
To look out and not in;
And to lend a hand.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

'TIS splendid to live so grandly
That long after you have gone
The things you did are remembered
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year with song and speech,
Keeps the thought of your natal day.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

+

Every young man is now a sower of seed in the field of life. The bright days of youth are the seed-time. Every thought of your intellect, every emotion of your heart, every word of your tongue, every principle you adopt, every act you perform, is a seed, whose good or evil fruit will prove bliss or bane of your future life.

—*Wise.*

+

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

—*Owen Meredith.*

BY honest work and inward truth
The victories of life are won,
And what is wisely done in youth
For all the years is wisely done;
The little deeds of every day
Shape that within which lives for aye.

No thought so buried in the dark
It shall not bear its bloom in light;
No act too small to leave its mark
Upon the young heart's tablet white;
Our grand achievements' secret springs
Are tempered among trivial things.

No soul at last is truly great
That was not greatly true at first;
In childhood's play are seeds of fate
Whose flower in manhood's work shall burst;
In the clinched fist of baby Thor
Might seem his hammer clutched for war.

* * * * * * * *

The firmest tower to heaven up-piled
Hides deepest its foundation stone;
Do well the duty of the child,
And manhood's task is well begun;
In thunders of the forum yet
Resounds the mastered alphabet.

—*Burleigh.*

Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one a second time. —*D. T. Shaw.*

GOD grant that as our horizon of duty is widened, our minds may widen with it; that as our burden is increased, our shoulders may be strengthened to bear it. God grant us that spirit of wisdom and understanding, uprightness and godly fear, without which there is nothing, with which, even in the smallest things, there is everything. —*Dean Stanley.*

+

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the day.

—*Henry VanDyke.*

THE thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.
* * * * *
Still through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing molds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real.

—*Lowell.*

+

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own importance and consequence!
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, that all that's done,—
Must move and act for him alone,—
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

—*William Cowper.*

+

Each wave that breaks and disappears
Makes some new change upon the shore;
For every hopeful word the world
Has something that was not before.
The sun has never shone in vain,
Each fair wind blows good cheer somewhere;
For every happy smile the world
Whirls on its way with less of care.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth would'st teach;
Thy soul must overflow,
If thou another soul would'st reach;
It needs the overflowing heart,
To give the life full speech.

Think truly and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—*Emerson.*

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